EDITORIAL The Washington Herald COMMENT

SUNDAY, JANUARY 2, 1921.

The Herald

Published Every Morning in the Year by
The Washington Herald Company,
425-427-429 Eleventh St., Washington, D. C.
J. E. RICE, President and General Manager

Phone: Main 3300—All Departments

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—BY CARRIER
In Washington and Vicinity
Daily and Sunday, 1 Month, 60c; 1 Year, $7.20
SUBSCRIPTION BY MAIL—IN ADVANCE
Daily and Sunday, 1 Month, 65c; 1 Year, $7.20.
Daily Only, 1 Month, 50c; 1 Year, $6.00.

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES:
The Beckwith Special Agency
New York, World Building; Chicago, Tribune Building; St. Louis, Post-Dispatch Building; Detroit, Ford Building; Kansas City, Mo., Bryant Building; Atlanta, Ga., 1415 Atlanta Trust Building.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 2, 1921.

Knowledge is that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another.—Addison.

Polish-German Trade Agreement.

AMERICANS will doubtless be surprised to learn that a prominent Polish statesman and former cabinet member is urging his government to conclude a trade agreement with Germany. It seems particularly surprising in view of the bitter feeling against Germany in Poland and the controversies arising from conflicting claims and clashes in areas formerly German.

Another cause of friction is the plebiscite area of Upper Silesia, which the Poles allege the Germans are prepared to occupy by force. The possession of the coal mines in this area is, of course, of tremendous importance to both Poland and Germany and accusations of illegal methods employed to determine the outcome of the plebiscite appear almost daily in the press of both countries.

As in others of the new or newly delimited states of Central Europe, political jealousies and racial antagonisms have brought about the erection of trade barriers and commercial restrictions which have prevented the natural and desirable interchange of commodities and thereby have seriously impeded the re-establishment of stable economic conditions.

While Mr. Grabski, the proponent of the German trade agreement, is a leader of the National Democratic party, which has always been anti-German, he is keenly aware of the critical situation in Poland and realizes the necessity of commercial relations with the neighboring states.

The food situation appears to be much worse than last year. While by no means the majority of the population received the full ration of flour of 175 grammes last year, a majority were able to supplement what they did receive by purchase in the free market, since producers had quantities for sale after filling government requisitions.

This year no such surplus exists and market prices are already prohibitive for most people, the ratio to the government requisition price being much higher than last year in spite of sevenfold increase in the requisition price. If the food situation for the urban population is to be as good as last year approximately 600,000 tons of grain must be imported; 400,000 tons will be necessary to prevent acute suffering.

While the government is disposed to put food purchases before everything else, the very limited exports and reduced remittances make the quantity of foreign exchange available small and coal and fertilizer must be purchased if food conditions are to be improved next year. The available supply of coal for this winter is said to be scarcely 18 per cent of the needs.

Poland is an industrial country but it is urgently in need of machinery as well as raw materials before it can produce a surplus for export in exchange for the foodstuffs required for its industrial population.

The German market is convenient and can supply Poland with certain commercial products, especially machinery, which are essential to her industries. If the two countries can subordinate their political controversies and remove the artificial commercial restrictions they have made, both will be benefited.

It is not impossible that M. Grabski cherishes the hope that his announcement may not be without its effect in western countries whose financial interests have been a little hesitant about advances to Poland until they are more clearly convinced of the soundness of the Polish government's financial policy and that there is no danger of Poland's becoming involved in further war by aggressive imperialists. The former minister may hope that the possibility of a commercial rapprochement with Germany will cause western business men to take a more active interest in a Polish loan.

A Philippine Blue Law.

Talk of blue laws in the United States—thay are as nothing! A member of the Philippine senate proposes to compel every inhabitant of those islands to wear pants.

He would prove that those people are competent for self-government by restricting their "personal liberty," this being the final step in independence. Pants, in his vision, are the supreme hallmark of civilization and political competence.

At the St. Louis World Fair, in the Philippine village, there was a native school. There inhabitants from the various islands gathered daily to learn the English language.

They were a motley but earnest, happy, enthusiastic group. Some attended in their native dress of a breech-clout and nose ring. Others were attired in American-made shirts. Others wore just pants. Some aspired to a coat, while the Filipino children and adults were dressed just as Americans.

Some way or other the completeness or incompleteness of their attire seemed to have no effect whatever as to their eagerness to learn, their alertness or their mental grasp of the lessons. They were just as human without a shirt as with one, but possibly had less pride of possession and maybe less feeling of embarrassment.

It may indeed be doubted if even a dress suit and a silk hat would at once change the nature and temperament of a Moro, while the Igorote, after a head-hunting expedition in white flannels, might face a domestic rebellion because of excessive laundry.

Nonpartisanship in International Affairs.

"The President has to do with many nonpartisan things. Except on a very narrow group of questions Republicans and Democrats can talk together and this particularly is true of the international situation."—William J. Bryan.

It is most unfortunate that Republicans and Democrats in Congress do not take this position as stated by Mr. Bryan. During the war they did. They had one mind as to national affairs where these concerned international relations.

There should be the same agreement in peace. There is no other country where a change of party brings a change in international policy. Parties elsewhere have only distinctive domestic policies.

There is a saying in this country that "partisanship stops at the boundary line." But it does not. Repeatedly in our history a change in administration has brought a radical change in international policy, as it will March 4 and as it did on March 4, 1912.

The referendum forced into the last election as to the league of nations covenant thrust a question of international policy into the hot-bed of partisan politics. It did not belong there. It could not be settled there.

A part of each party held that the issue was league and no league. Mr. Wilson so far as he could, had made it the covenant without or with reservations. The Republican leaders made it for and against the "Wilson league."

In the end the voters were so mussed up as to this issue, that with comparatively few exceptions, they voted with little regard to it. So the referendum decided nothing, though the campaign itself developed an overwhelming sentiment for the league, but only with reservations as to the covenant.

The one thing conclusively proved was that matters of international policy do not belong in a general election. It is partisan; they are not, and they cannot get impartial, clear thinking, honest expression of opinion.

In the Senate which is the final court of decision on international questions, the vote must be nonpartisan as two-thirds of the members must agree. In this Senate thirty-two Republicans voted for the covenant with reservations and twenty-five Democrats joined with them.

The change of but five votes would have brought ratification. In the next Senate there must be a still more pronounced agreement to bring a definite result. This fixes what some day must become a definite national policy; that no mere change in Executive or party shall change what has become the American policy in international affairs.

This by no manner means that our international policy can never be altered or modified. It only means that throwing all partisanship aside, Republicans and Democrats in the Senate will make these modifications without party bias or seeking party advantage, but solely with regard to America's interests and obligations.

It means that the Senate is the sole forum for such decisions and through its debates, public opinion, regardless of party lines, must me informed and formed. The Senate is representative and if not swayed by mere party prejudice its debates reach a convincing level.

Correctly or otherwise, the debates on the covenant were not convincing either for or against, for reservations or against them. They were tinged with bitterness and personal accusations on both sides.

The people became convinced that much of the motive was the personality of the President, which had no right place in the discussion and only improperly could influence votes.

Constant harping during the campaign on the "Wilson league" did not help this condition; it did not aid in future harmony and was very distasteful to a majority of the voters who do not want international policy lowered to that plane.

But the election is over. So far as possible the slate should be wiped clean. There can no longer be any excuse for injecting Mr. Wilson into the decision as to the league, and the vast majority of the voters are not in a temper to patiently endure this if attempted by any one on either side of the Senate chamber.

Domestic Economy A la Parisienne

The Story of a Dancing Girl, a Lad, and a Bundle of Shirts

By WYTHE WILLIAMS.

Suzanne is a dancing girl. That is to say, she is a girl, and she dances, but whether she will ever become either celebrated or even proficient in her profession is somewhat open to doubt. Suzanne has permitted other preoccupations upon both her imagination and her time. But *qu'est-ce que vous voulez*, the wage of a *figurante* a La Cigale is rather depressing upon ambition. But this account has to do only with Suzanne. That is to say, with Suzanne and with Reginald.

Reginald, despite the flossy name, is a rough-neck. But I have noted that men with pompous handles such as Junius Brutus often turn out little squiffs, with voices that squeak. Reginald, although a rough-neck and possessing a rough voice, has a heart. He is big, husky, hard on his clothes, has wandered considerably over the world and about thirty years ago he took his first squint at life in South Bend. There is a squint now in one eye, but this is because of too close intimacy with a bullet that was once coming due west across the Yser. Reginald was then travelling on a Canadian passport as a member of the "Princess Pats." He was invalided out several times, but managed to stick it through. And he still lingers, now on a regular permission, renewed a few months ago, with the signature of Bainbridge Colby. He prefers it here, he says, to the hardware industry in South Bend; and then, of course, there is Suzanne.

✦ ✦ ✦

Reginald ought to know about women, but as a matter of fact, and for all his experience, when it comes to women he is—well, in order to be polite, let us say that he is *naïf*. They kind of get at him he explains, and although he cannot tell you just how the getting is accomplished, the first thing he knows he has once more tumbled from the high pedestal of his resolve, and there's general trouble.

"Poor old Reginald," his friends said, when for days and days he was absent from his corner in the Cafe Napolitain, at that hour before dinner when friends gather in every Paris cafe to sip their aperatif and expatiate upon the present exigencies of life. "She lives in the same street," they also explained, "the same street as Reginald—the Rue des Abbesses. And her name is Suzanne."

Perhaps it was proximity of residence, in the street that rambles along just under the heights of Montmartre, that made Reginald persist in his task of saving Suzanne; but there was another reason, too, or reasons, which I shall only attempt to explain. For this is altogether a story of fact—of life being lived today, and has nothing whatever to do with fiction. Therefore the final *denouement* is yet to come; happy or otherwise, only the gods—yours, mine or those of Reginald and Suzanne, can foretell.

✦ ✦ ✦

Reginald first saw Suzanne at the end of the front row at La Cigale, and he remarked that she was a pretty girl. She couldn't dance. Let us be honest about it, she couldn't dance, and Reginald remarked that, too. But she could smile. Ah! how she could smile—a wide dazzling smile, that made Reginald go all squishy, and then started him raving. He raved all during the *entr'act* until his *blase* companions grew weary, and then he, too, smiled. During the last act the smile became concentrated—from both sides of the footlights—so at the end of the performance Reginald hurried around to the alley stage exit and forgot all about his friends. Now, in Paris the stage door Johnny is not so numerous as with us. Over here the next-door cafe is the waiting place and the rendezvous, so Reginald found the alley quite deserted and Suzanne had no trouble finding him as she came out the door.

She was only a kid. She wasn't quite so pretty off stage, on account of circles under her eyes, but the smile was just the same, and the alley was an enchanted place. A few minutes later they were seated at a corner table of a cafe, and she was laughing, chattering and shrugging her shoulders until they almost were shrugged out of her gown. She was just eighteen, she told him, and her father was a doctor in a small town near Paris, where she was born. Only he got killed during the war and then her mother died so she came to Paris, *et voila.*

✦ ✦ ✦

She smiled again as she pounded a small fist on the table to attract the waiter, and Reginald subtracted six from eighteen. He thus concluded that in 1914, when the war broke out, she was only twelve years old. He shivered a little as he glowered at her and said "hell" in English, all of which made her laugh at her "grand enfant," as she called him. Then she said, with mock solemnity, that he mustn't use "naughty Angleeche words" because she understood. And when he glowered again she shrugged her shoulders and said *"mais c'est la vie*—what will you?"

So that was what started it—her youth, her smile and the fact that life had already taught her so much, including philosophy. The fact that his hotel was almost directly opposite her boarding house made the situation still less complicated.

✦ ✦ ✦

Suddenly one day Reginald reappeared in the Cafe Napolitain. His clothes were untidy and he was both noncommunicative and morose. He had the *cafard*, he explained, and he ordered another drink. After sufficient drinks Reginald always insisted upon talking French. He did it much better then, he explained, even though explanation was unnecessary. So we didn't protest if he wanted to have the *cafard* instead of just ordinary blues.

He returned the next day and this time adopted a manner stern and uncompromising. He had put on a clean collar and brushed his clothes, although his shirt needed changing. He confided, a little, to me. Suzanne hadn't wanted saving at all, I gathered. On the contrary, she had flirted outrageously with a "yap" she had met at La Cigale, and he wouldn't stand for it, and all was finished, and that was all. As I said, his air was uncompromising and stern. It was so the next day and the day following, and his morale seemed quite regained, except I couldn't help noticing that while otherwise neat he still clung to the same shirt. Also he was a bit depressed because a check had not arrived from South Bend. Of Suzanne, not a word.

The next night Reginald and I and two Englishmen dined in Montmartre, and as the Englishmen were "doing" Paris, they insisted we come with them to La Cigale. I looked at Reginald and saw him flinch. But he was game and in a few minutes the fuor of us were installed in *fauteuilles d'orchestres* smoking after-dinner cigars, the Englishmen enjoying themselves hugely at what they mistook for vice. When the chorus came on, Reginald looked nervous and hunted. In a whisper he explained to me that if she saw him there might be a rowJand, of course, he didn't want anything like that. After a moment a now look came into his eyes, a look combined of impatience and anxiety. During the *entr'act* he left us abruptly and, as I learned later ,sought out the management. "She isn't here," he whispered to me after the curtain again rang up, "and they say she's sick."

"Go see her," I suggested, as the simplest solution.

"Now, I can't do that!" he hawked back so hoarsely that I told him to keep quiet. A few seconds later he began again: "But if I can't let myself go and see her, I might send her some flowers."

✦ ✦ ✦

I turned to the terrasse of a tiny cafe next door, ordered a *bock* and waited. I waited a long half hour before Reginald again appeared, now bearing a white package under his arm.

"Did you send her flowers?" I asked him with intentional sarcasm.

He reddened, coughed nervously and then in a forced matter-of-fact tone: "Oh, she isn't very sick—not sick at all now—be out tomorrow; still, you know, only decent to look in, only decent thing to do." I agreed to the appropriateness of the act without referring to the after midnight calling hour.

"But what's that in the package?" I asked, tapping it.

Reginald seemed vastly relieved at this turn in the conversation.

"Oh, that," he said, laughing. "Oh, you see, I always intended going over to see her again. You see she had all these things of mine, and naturally I had to go and get them."

"Naturally," was my sole comment as we turned Reginald's package inside out in the moonlight and discovered eleven neatly darned shirts.

The Street of the Cats, Troyes, France.

"WHEN you actually see with your own eyes the quaint sights in the Old World that artists immortalize," remarked a young American traveler with a sigh, "they most usually smell—horribly!" She might have been speaking of this ancient street in the town of Troyes, France, once capital of Champagne; and the supposition gains in strength when we learn that the street—if such it may be called—rejoices in the name of the Street of the Cats *(Rue des Chats)*. The picture is from an oil painting by an American artist, G. Evans Mitchell, reproduced in the magazine La France. Joan of Arc once captured Troyes from the British and the treaty recognizing Henvy V as King of France was signed there.

Lancashire Talk Picturesque Wit Is Brief But Well Flavored

There is a peculiar flavor about Lancashire humor. It comes out in odd sayings which always follow certain words. If someone says: "I wonder!" the retort is: "Tha'd wonder more if th' crows built i' thi yed, and took thi nose for a nest egg!"

If a messenger makes excuses for being late, the retort is: "Tha'rt reet chap to send for sorrow—tha'rt so long uppo' th' road."

The man who is asked if he could drink a pint invariably replies: "Ay, bud I cud drink a quart better."

Brevity is not only the soul of Lancashire wit, but also of Lancashire business. It is said that two merchants, perhaps jointly worth a million or two, will meet on the Manchester Cotton Exchange, and that this will be their conversation: "Mornin'!" "Mornin'!" "Owt?" "Nowt." "Mornin'!" "Mornin'!"

Brief, but sufficient. A conversation little longer often results in the transaction of business involving £100,000.

Unfortunately, although the home of teetotalism—for it was born at Preston—Lancashire is not an unduly sober county, and many sayings refer to the drinking habit. They say of a man who "likes his drop:" "He's as deeof as a doornail, but ask him if he'd like a pint, an' he'll yer yo' a mile off!"

Of a man discovered drinking they say: "He were busy tryin' t'find th' bottom of a quart pot." And of a man who is a slave to the habit: "He con read nobbut alehouse signs."

And of a man who is not remarkable for truthfulness, they say: "He's such a liar 'at they conoo believe him at meyl-times when he says he's hed enuff!"

✦ ✦ ✦

Of the fighting spirit it is said that at a fair a man would say: "Arta comin' whoam, Sam?" And Sam would say: "Nay, not yet a bit. Aw hevn't hed a feight." The other would reply: "Well, get thi feightin' done, an' let's get whoam!"

A man who was asked how he liked the new locality he had gone to live in said it was very dull. "If we could manish t'raise a battle at th' week-end, it were about aw th' comfort we got."

A man who has fought and lost takes it calmly. He says: "Him an' me had a rare set-to, an' Aw coom out topmost but one."

Political speakers are on their guard in Lancashire, or ought to be, for often their best things are turned against them. "There's a good time coming!" cried an optimistic candidate. "Con ta give us a date?" shouted someone.

Another candidate was asked if he was in favor of children going to school till they were 16, as had been reported. "Yes, I am," said the candidate.

"Well, I ammot," replied the heckler. "I'm noan goin' to have my lad comin' whoam fro't skoo an' axin' me for a penny for a shave!"

"Ther's goin' to be a weddin' i' these parts nex' month, Mary Ann," said a swain to a pretty mill-lass.

"That never says!" Aw've yerd nowt. Who are they?"

"One on 'em's ca'd Bill Jackson." (His own name.)

✦ ✦ ✦

"Oh? An' who's t'wench?"

"Well, hoo's getten t'same name as thee. Would ta like to go an' see it?"

"Ay, Aw'll come. It 'ud be a pitty to disappoint 'em."

That's how the Lancashire lad pops the question. As a rule the girls who work in the mill are not sorry to escape into the pleasanter paths of matrimony, although it does not always mean less work. A father who wanted his daughter to stay with him reminded her of St. Paul's words, which he paraphrased as follows: "Them as marry does weel, but them as dunnot do better."

"Well, feyther," said Martha Ellen, "Aw'm goin' to do well, an' let them as con, do better if they like."—From Answers, London.

League's First Move in Vilna

Has Doubtful Honor in Intervention by Armed Forces

To the City of Vilna must be accorded the doubtful honor of being the first city to which the league of nations has dispatched an international force. Though claimed by Poland and Lithuania, the city and district of Vilna were awarded to the latter state by the Peace Conference. Feeling between both races, which were fairly evenly represented in this area, has been very bitter, but organized hostilities did not occur until after the repulse of the Bolshevist invasion of Poland when the Polish general, Zeligowski, emulating D'Annunzio, in Fiume, seized Vilna and organized the Central Lithuanian government in opposition to the established Lithuanian government at Kovno.

✦ ✦ ✦

While the Polish government has disavowed any responsibility for Zeligowski's action, it is, of course, well known that Poland is in perfect sympathy with his aims, and his troops consist largely of former soldiers of the Polish army. As the preparations for the plebiscite under the league's commission go forward, actual armed combat has practically ceased and the parties to the controversy are devoting their entire energies to the circulation of charges of contemplated fraud and illegal activities which are practiced by their opponents to influence the result of the plebiscite.

The City of Vilna is situated some 450 kilometers northeast of Warsaw and some 75 or 80 kilometers due east from Kovno. To reach Vilna from Warsaw one must first go to Lida, the headquarters of the Second Polish army, to obtain passes. No attempt is made to pretend that there are no relations between the Polish army headquarters and Vilna. Train service from Lida, though extremely slow, is fairly frequent, and there are never less than two trains a day from this town. These trains, one discovers, carry, among other things, military stores and even as important materials as Polish aeroplanes, which are transported on flat cars.

In outward appearance Vilna is but little affected by the wars which have been waged about it and the various military occupations to which it has been subjected. There are a few marks on the walls of the splendid cathedral caused by rifle fire, but there is no general destruction of buildings and devastation which one might expect in a town which has been the center of so much warfare.

✦ ✦ ✦

The city, however, which in normal conditions has a population of some 200,000, is now somewhat depopulated, especially by the intellectual and well-to-do classes. It is said that the population has been reduced one-third by the departure of these people and flight of some 30,000 Jews, who are said to have fled to Kovno after the approach of Zeligowski's Polish troops. It is alleged, however, that other Jews from Lida and other places have come to Vilna for the purpose of taking the place and guarding the property of those members of their race who have left the city. Now that train service has been resumed many of those who fled are returning, and even those who were persuaded to leave their homes and settle in Russia in 1915 and 1916 are beginning to come back.

The wars that have been waged, the successive military occupations, and the flight from Vilna of a great many of those who were the leaders in political and industrial activities, have resulted in the closing of factories of which there are many in Vilna, and a general paralysis of the economic life of the city. Deprived of any means of earning money for the necessities of life, a great many of the inhabitants have been faced with actual starvation, and suffering from illness incident to undernourishment has been very great.

✦ ✦ ✦

The cost of food is, of course, rising rapidly. Black bread costs 20 marks a pound and potatoes 3 marks a pound, but the supply of these commodities is so limited that, even if they could afford it, a great part of the population would be unable to procure them. As it is the poorer people are subsisting chiefly on cabbages. Strangely enough in the face of this acute shortage it is possible to buy lump sugar at 100 marks a pound, which cannot be obtained at any price in Warsaw. Furthermore, the cafes and confiseries offer for sale cake and pastries. The manufacture and sale of these luxuries, however, has been prohibited by Gen. Zeligowski. That there are for sale in Vilna commodities which are unobtainable in Poland, is accounted for by the fact that closer business relations have always existed between Vilna and Kovno and other cities than with Warsaw or other Polish cities.

In Vilna as in the case of nearly all the parts of Europe whose normal life has been disorganized by war and subsequent conditions, the children and the aged have been the ones to suffer most. During the Lithuanian occupation an attempt was made to institute child feeding under the direction of a committee upon which all nationalities were represented. While the intentions of this committee were the best, its members had had no actual experience in child-feeding operations, and their attempts to raise funds by public subscription were almost complete failure.

✦ ✦ ✦

After the committee became fully convinced that its efforts would not secure the desired results, a delegation was sent to interview the American Relief Administration representatives in Warsaw, bearing with them an assurance from Gen. Zeligowski that any child-feeding operation would receive his full support, and supplies imported for that purpose would be free of all requisition by his government. He stated, further, that he would approve anybody, regardless of their nationality or race, who could initiate and carry out a child-feeding program. Under the direction of the American kitchens both Jewish and Christian were soon put in operation and the private institutions whose children were already menaced by starvation, were provided with the foodstuffs of which their charges were so desperately in need.

Since a French savant has researched and places the weight of a kiss at two milligrams, the Wichita (Kansas) Beacon recommends kissing as a pleasant way to reduce.